

Snow day by Chibirini1

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Summary:

Mike has a snow day, so he goes to see El at her cabin while Hopper's at work. Until Hopper comes home early, of course.

Snow day

Author's Note:

More shameless fluff from me. I just love this pairing. I want to wrap them both up in one big blanket and just hug em.

The next time they were alone was when Mike snuck over to El's house on a snow day. Hopper was gone to work, and El was still hiding in bed.

Mike knocked the special knock, but when she didn't answer he let himself in.

"El?"

"Mike?"

Mike took off his coat and boots and walked to the little bedroom El called her own, seeing her curly head pop out from under the covers.

"Hey, what's wrong?" He asked.

She pointed to the only window.

"What? The snow?"

She popped her head out again from the faded but colorful quilt and nodded.

"Does it...hurt?" She asked.

He smiled. "No, no. It's no big deal, it's just frozen rain. It's just cold."

She sat up, the blanket falling down to drape around her shoulders. She wore a big T-shirt of Hoppers, and it reminded Mike a lot of when they first met.

"Just cold?"

“Yeah, let me show you.” He took her by the hand and helped her up from the bed to go to the door. He opened it and she stood behind him, looking out over his shoulder.

It was still snowing, the big flakes coming down slowly, spinning and dancing through the air. It was pretty, and the cold air took both of their breaths away.

El stepped toe to toe to the doorway next to Mike and then touched her bare toe to the snow. She drew it back with a sharp inhale.

She gave a little laugh. “Cold,” she said.

Mike realized he was still holding her hand and let it go. She stepped out onto the porch and reached her hands out so the flakes could fall on her bare skin.

“Uh, El, maybe you should put some shoes on.”

She turned her head back to look at him, a big smile on her face as her pink toes scrunched up in the snow. “No,” she replied.

She didn’t have the words to tell him how good it felt to be out in the snow, in the cold, fresh air with miles of uninhibited land all around her. She spent her life being locked up in small, dark rooms and now she was out. It was incredibly freeing.

Somehow, Mike knew.

“Ok, but just for a little while. My mom says that you’ll get hypothermia if you stay outside without a coat on for too long.”

El nodded thoughtfully and spun around, feeling the tiny dots of coldness kiss her skin again and again.

She turned back and went back up the porch. Mike followed her inside as she went to the freezer.

“Waffles? Did you forget to eat?”

She nodded. “Do you want one?” She asked, and he shook his head.

She ate with gusto, like she always did. It made Mike feel funny to see her eat like she was starving. It made him sad.

After she ate, they watched TV for a while. Mike explained to her what things meant, and after a while she was able to laugh at some of the jokes. But she didn't like the cartoons he usually watched; she didn't seem to understand why a cat chasing a mouse was funny.

"Hey El, do you remember the night we first met? When you were running from the bad men?"

She took her eyes off the glowing screen and looked at him, nodding slowly. She raised her knees up to her chest, covering them with her T-shirt.

"Yeah."

Mike shifted on the couch so he could turn towards her. "You were afraid of the thunder, remember?"

She nodded. "I was afraid of you."

He sat up straight, startled. "What?!"

She shrugged. "I was afraid of everything."

He looked down, nodding. Hair covered his eyes, but El knew what she said made him sad, so she took his hand.

"I'm not now." She added, and he nodded again, but this time he tilted his head and gave her a smile.

"I'm glad."

~

They ended up napping together in El's bed, under her quilt. Cuddled together, it was easy to forget that bad things had ever happened. Only the tattoo on El's wrist reminded Mike that she wasn't just a normal girl. She was special.

Suddenly boots on the porch made them both jump out of their

slumber. Mike sat straight up while EL froze.

“Hey kid, I’m home early. Closed the station just so I could be home with you. What are you still doing in bed?”

Hopper walked to the open doorway and froze just like El had when he saw Mike. Immediately Mike made a break for it, but Hopper caught him quick.

“What the hell?!” Hopper yelled, shaking Mike. “Did you take advantage of her?”

“N-No!” Mike said. “I would n-never!”

“Stop!” Eleven cried, holding her hand up to freeze Hopper in his place. Mike stumbled back a few steps and Hopper broke loose from El’s power.

“What the hell is going on here?” Hopper said, angrily looking from El to Mike. Mike began talking a mile a minute, so fast that no one could understand him while Eleven just glared.

“Nothing happened,” she said firmly.

“We were just sleeping!” Mike added. “It’s a snow day and I wanted to see her so I came over and we were watching tv but then we got bored so we ended up here and I swear nothing happened, I would never-“

“Alright, alright, I got it,” Hopper snapped. “But you both know you’re not supposed to be alone here together.”

Mike glanced down at his feet while Eleven just crossed her arms. “Why?” she asked. “Stupid.”

“Because you two need to cool it. You’re only thirteen.”

“You cool it,” she huffed while Mike nervously looked at her.

“I’m serious,” Hopper said. “I know you two kissed at the dance and now you think you’re all grown up and shit, but you’re too young to be handing yourself over to somebody like that.”

Eleven lifted her chin, her eyes daring. "Mike's my boyfriend," she said proudly, and Mike swallowed.

Hopper rolled his eyes and placed a hand on his belt. "You don't get to have a boyfriend. Too young."

"That's the same thing my mom says about Nancy," Mike complained. "And she's sixteen."

"Hey," Hopper said, pointing his finger at Mike. "Your mother is a smart woman. Now we all need to agree that *this* is never gonna happen again. Ok?"

"No," Eleven said with a pout. "Mike is *my* boyfriend."

Mike silently agreed with her, looking down at his shoes. Hopper crossed his arms.

"So it's gonna be like that, huh?" He asked. Neither teen answered him.

"Fine. I guess I can't stop you. But Mike and I are gonna have a talk then."

Mike glanced up and swallowed nervously as Hopper crooked his head at him.

"Come on," he said.

They went outside to the porch, with Mike just in his socks. Hopper leaned over him imposingly.

"Now you listen. I know you care a lot about Eleven, but she's not just any girl. She's special. If this is just some puppy love and you're going to break her heart for that redhead or any other girl, you need to stop this right now. Because if you hurt her, I will have every cop in this county after you and your friends until you get the hell out of here. Understood?"

Mike nodded, breathless. But as Hopper turned away, Mike said: "I know she's special. She's the most special person I've ever met. And not just because of the mind thing. I would never do anything to hurt

her. I love her.”

Hopper turned back to look Mike straight in his brown eyes. “You better, kid,” he said before going back into the house. “Now c’mon. I want El to try some hot chocolate.”